

*Mech*

VOL. XXX.—No. 772.

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# Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



A RELIC OF CHESTNUT DAYS.

CUT DOWN THAT GREAT ANNUAL BORE, THE "PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE"! — NOBODY READS IT NOW EXCEPTING THE EDITORS WHO HAVE TO.



**PUCK,**  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Editor - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, December 23rd, 1891.—No. 772.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

EXCEPT TO the very young, no annual holiday is an occasion of absolutely unmixed enjoyment. It can not but remind us that another year is checked off our meagre tale; and however little we may think we are in love with life, the robbery of even one poor year is something which human nature resents. Yet, of all the holidays, big and little, Christmas Day has in it the possibility of being made a right jovial and happy red-letter day. Its traditions are all of merriment, of open-handedness, of good friendship, and of kindness to children. It is a milestone on life's road, like all the other days; but it is a milestone in a cosy, sheltered nook, against which the wanderer may put his back when he sits down to open his knapsack and to enjoy what fare and drink it pleases Heaven to send him. And if it is a milestone that marks a creditable advance on a hard road, the wanderer may well, his repast made, treat himself to a modest dessert of cheerful reflection upon his progress.

This is *PUCK*'s fifteenth Christmas; and the decade and a half that it marks off has brought so many changes to him and to his friends, and has seen so notable an advance in certain somewhat unexpected directions that he may be pardoned if he takes a brief holiday hour to chat about them—especially if an old friend of approved wisdom, and well-renowned for sober and carefully considered speech, is kind enough to set him the example. It is his wise and good old friend the *Philadelphia Ledger* who has set *PUCK* to talking this Christmas—with certain kind words of commendation, which have to *PUCK* a peculiar value and significance.

"The Christmas number of *PUCK*," says our colleague, "which occupies a conspicuous and deservedly high position in the humorous journalism of America, comes as a welcome harbinger of the approaching season of joy and good will, of which attributes of happiness it is a typical exemplification. The pages of *PUCK* ever overflow with the perfection of fun and humor. While it never descends to vulgarity or to coarseness, *PUCK* is replete with wit of that refined order which sparkles, but does not wound. In this way, politically, it is a good factor, and it is impossible not to laugh at the weekly cartoons, which are always apropos, and which, without being scurrilous, are excellent caricatures of the important questions of the day. \* \* \* \* \* There are certain journals which are needed to refresh and stimulate the mind and drive away unwelcome thoughts of the daily routine of life. *PUCK* is one of these, and would be most sorely missed if by some mishap it failed to appear for perusal each succeeding week. This superlative publication fills its mission so well that it can not fail to be the wish of all its readers that each Christmas-tide may bring to *PUCK* renewed and redoubled prosperity."

Marry come up! But here is a change in the times! Fifteen years ago you heard no such talk as this from any sane and self-respecting newspaper. No, indeed! If you will look back now in the old files of 1877, and run your eye over the "Literary Departments," you will think you have inadvertently dropped back forty or fifty years instead of fourteen or fifteen. You will find there solemn articles headed "Who Will Write the American Novel?" and "Will There Ever be an American Drama?" And then turn to the department of the paper's "Funny Paragrapher," and you will find him repeating these questions and flippantly giving it as his opinion that we shall have these two desirable things about the time that an American comic paper is successfully established—and the sky falls. Only fourteen years ago! And to-day the daily newspaper's "Funny Paragrapher" is practically extinct; and the "Literary Departments" have all they can do to review the American novels that the American presses can hardly print fast enough; and the man who wrote the hopeless article about the American Drama, if he still retains his position as dramatic critic, is more than likely to be called upon to pass judgement upon a new American play every week of the theatrical season. And here is *PUCK*, sitting with his back against his fifteenth milestone, unstrapping for his Christmas dinner a knapsack big enough to contain some crumbs over for a younger brother or two, and reflecting in a thankful spirit on some very remarkable changes in the times.

They are changes which have come, not to *PUCK* alone, but to all his readers. Very few who know him now remember what manner of *PUCK* it was who tempted fortune in the year 1877. He was a callow and ill-equipped adventurer, in very truth, with good intentions for the best of his outfit; and he early learned to know the taste of that tough kind of Christmas goose which is stuffed with the herb smallhopes. That is good diet for the young, however, and he has thriven on it; and the world and he get on much more merrily together. To speak without figure, the *PUCK* of 1877 was indeed a modest sheet. Its whole sixteen pages cost less than a single page may cost to-day. The luxuries of type, ink and paper at its command now were undreamed of then; and he would have been reckoned a visionary who would have predicted the existence of a CHRISTMAS *PUCK* so elaborately decorated with the best and most ornate productions of artistic color printing that it would take a whole year to prepare it.

These are things certainly for those who have *PUCK*'s interest at heart to be glad about. But they are by no means the best of the change that has to come to *PUCK* in the fifteen years. Far higher than this, the workers of *PUCK* rate the consideration that their work to-day is, and must be, of a better, worthier, more satisfactory sort than it was or could have been in 1877. The old-horrors of what used to be called "American acrobatic humor" are as completely out of vogue at the present day as the gross and brutal lampoons of our grandfathers' times. We no longer find anything funny in the humor of physical mishap and bodily indignity. We no longer think that a grain of native wit excuses uncouth vulgarity and extravagance. The demands that public taste nowadays makes upon the humorist would strike the funny man of 1877 dumb with wonder. The man who would amuse the public to-day must have not only humor, but art, skill and taste. Refinement he must have, too; if he have scholarship and a cultured mind, so much the better. If he would hold respect and compel admiration, his work must be literature—if he writes; and art—if he draws. This is the change that (far more than any material advance,) renders their work, to the men who make *PUCK*, a hundred-fold more gratifying and inspiring than it ever was before.

It would be idle to say that this change came wholly or even mainly from within. It is but the reflection of a marvelous social, intellectual and artistic improvement in the whole people. The increase of refinement and cultivation is greater than it has ever been before in this century. We have gone further forward in the last five years in matters of this sort than we went in the ten years that preceded them, although those ten years did more for America in the way of artistic and literary improvement than the half century that lay back of them. It is not to be wondered at, is it, that we are somewhat glad and somewhat proud when Christmas brings us a visible proof that we have grown with this growth; and when old friends and wise are moved to speak of our work as our kind old friend has spoken above? And our gladness and pride, as we look upon our CHRISTMAS *PUCK*, is far less for the dainty and costly dress in which the work is put before the public, than for the fact that it is such work as should be done by men who love and honor their art and their profession; and that it appeals to those whose praise and encouragement are best worth the winning.

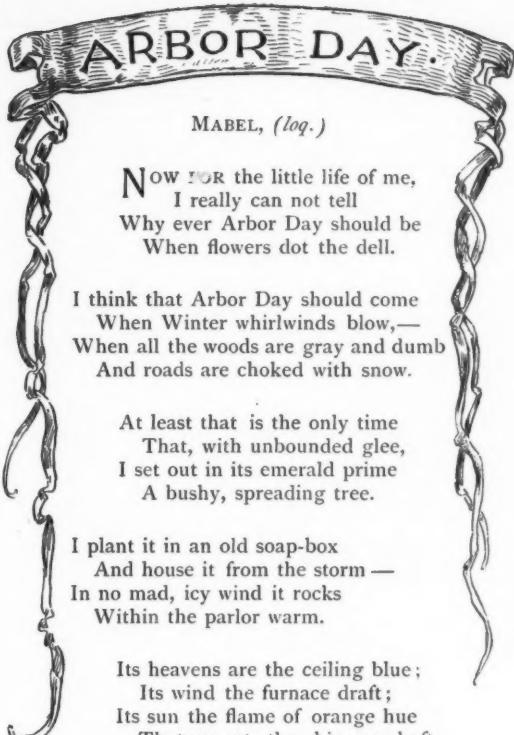


COMPETITION.

LITTLE TOT (*tugging away at HER PAPA'S leg*).—Dimme dime, Papa!

HER PAPA.—Why, bless you! what for, child?

LITTLE TOT.—I heard brover George tell sister Tillie 'at he pulled you' leg for five dollars last night. I'll do it for less 'n that!



I think that Arbor Day should come  
When Winter whirlwinds blow,—  
When all the woods are gray and dumb  
And roads are choked with snow.

At least that is the only time  
That, with unbounded glee,  
I set out in its emerald prime  
A bushy, spreading tree.

I plant it in an old soap-box —  
And house it from the storm —  
In no mad, icy wind it rocks  
Within the parlor warm.

Its heavens are the ceiling blue;  
Its wind the furnace draft;  
Its sun the flame of orange hue  
That mounts the chimney shaft.

Full soon by it I'm happy made,  
When 'neath its boughs I stand;  
For me it never casts a shade,  
But blooms in Fairy Land.

I see its fruits, all bright and ripe,  
In yellow, blue and red,  
Of various shape and spot and stripe,  
Hang just above my head.



Accepting with a wondrous haste,  
They quite agree with me  
That Christmas is a dreary waste  
Without a Christmas Tree.

R. K. Munkittrick.

#### PLENTY TO WORRY ABOUT.

MRS. GREATMANN.—What are you worrying over? Nobody will believe what those papers say, now that you have boldly sued them for libel.

HON. MR. GREATMANN (*despondently*).—I'm afraid I can't keep the case from coming to trial.

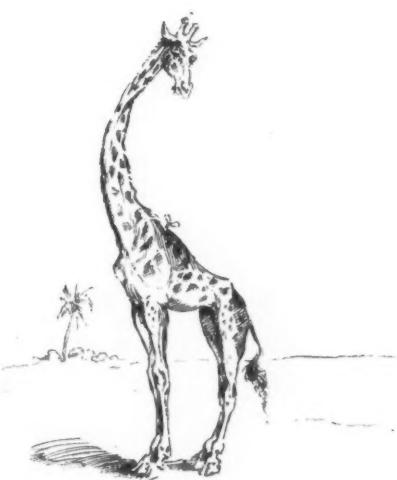
#### ONE OF THE BOYS.

WALTER (*at 4, concluding long and fervent prayer for friends, relatives, pets, toys, and everything else he can think of*).—Ah—men, oh—men, a—a—ah—men! (*Then, after a thoughtful pause*.) Mama, I don't see why you have to say "ahmen" when you pray. I think it would be so much nicer to say "Ah—girls!"

THE WORLD MOVES.—Once upon a time they used to pitch scolds into the water on a ducking-stool; but now they pay them for writing satirical paragraphs.

TIME IS money; but it does n't apply to the time of the losing horse.

#### THE STRATEGIC CAMELOPARD AND THE ELUSIVE FLY.



#### MEAGRE PROFITS.

"The trouble with my work," said a literary man, "is that it can't be done except when I feel the inspiration, and this makes the income from it very uncertain."

"Some days I make a good deal, other days very little."

"Yesterday, for instance, I attempted several times to produce something; walked the floor, meditated, examined books and papers for hints of subjects to write on, and, when night came, my whole day's work represented the sum of fifteen dollars."

"That's not bad, though," said the literary man's friend; "what did you write?"

"An order to my coal-dealer for three tons of coal at five dollars a ton," said the literary man, with anything but a happy smile.

"TWO HEADS are better than one" to the man looking after a dime-museum attraction.



# MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

## A BRILLIANT IDEA.

### I.

**J**OYFUL SMILE lit up Tom Archer's face as he finished the story he was engaged upon, and carefully signed his name in full — *Thomas Montgomery Archer*.

But the smile was followed by a look of despair, as he gazed at the little piles of MSS. scattered here and there about the table — for each little pile was a story or a poem that had been finished a longer or shorter time and was still unpublished.

Tom was an author by profession, but scarcely by practice; except so far as merely writing stories and poems went. His name was but little known to the world, and he was still novice enough to experience a delightful tremor when he saw his name in type. Tom was a martyr — or thought he was — and had lately been comparing himself with the poor authors of Grubb Street, who became famous only after their demise.

This thought came to him as he leaned back and viewed the unfruitful results of his labor. He reflected that the matter which was before him was sufficient to carry his name down to posterity in case of his sudden death, say by starvation, against which he often fought.

He had come to the city with the firm resolve to win a name for himself. He had won several names in the past few months; for he had contributed to a society paper a story each week, at the rate of seven dollars per story, and had used a different name each week in order to impress the readers of that periodical with the variety of its writers.

But ere long the paper had ceased to have any readers, and ten days before had succumbed to the inevitable. So Tom had to struggle as best he could; but it was a struggle against fate. He was hungry even then, and he had but thirteen cents in his pocket. He counted it over and reflected that it was an unlucky number. Then he re-read his latest production, and again smiled approvingly; after which Melancholy claimed him as her own.

"I'm afraid to steal, ashamed to beg," he paraphrased, rising from his table and pacing up and down the room; "and as to work — I won't. It's a shame that Genius can not exist in a city of over a million inhabitants. If Genius has to go under, why, I'll go under with it. I will not degrade the habitation of Genius by causing such habitation to indulge in manual or clerical work. Jove, I wish I had a good dinner!"

The father of the gods paid no heed to this invocation, and if Archer had expected Ganymede to come through the window with a large plate of ambrosia, he was disappointed. But one disappointment more or less, did not matter — he was used to them.

"I have it!" he suddenly shouted, stopping short in his walk. No messenger of the gods had arrived in any tangible shape, not even a thunderbolt interrupted the miserable mortal. "Fame, fame!" he continued, wildly; "posthumous fame is better than none at all. Genius must have its own reward — aye — Genius will conquer! even in death!"

He sat down again at his table — his pen did not travel over the paper with its usual speed; he wrote slowly and thoughtfully. Then he picked up his stories and poems, and enclosed them, each in an envelope, with a short note, and directed them separately to each of the great city dailies. His remaining papers he gathered neatly together — placed a poem entitled, "Why? — A Lament," on the top of the heap and then went out, closing the door with a sigh.

It was nearly six o'clock and Christmas Eve.

The streets were covered with mud and crowded with pedestrians hastening from their labor. Archer pushed through them as best he could, and visited each newspaper office in turn, leaving an envelope of MS. with the small boy who stood guard at the editorial sanctums until

every paper had been supplied. Then he ate a supper before a street stand at a cost of four cents, and turned his steps toward the river.

Through the brilliantly-lighted streets he was borne along by the current of humanity until he reached the river-front, and then he turned up the street and walked along the shadow of the shipping stores. A policeman watched him suspiciously as he entered one of the long docks which stretched out into the water, and followed him; but Archer had already passed into the darkness of the night.

### II.

The editor of *The Echo*, the largest newspaper of the city, came to his post at eight o'clock, and found the MS. and note of poor Tom Archer on his desk. He glanced over it carelessly, and then threw it back on his desk, busying himself with other matter.

About ten o'clock a reporter came in.

"Another poor genius gone," he remarked, as he laid some copy on the desk of the editor. The great man glanced over the item.

"A coat was found by Policeman O'Connell, on Pier 33½ last night. It is supposed that the owner committed suicide, as the policeman had seen a man wandering suspiciously about the dock earlier in the evening, and had ordered him away. The following note was found in the pocket:

Dear J.:  
What is the use of living? Genius  
is not appreciated, and I am hungry, with  
only thirteen cents wherewith to satisfy  
my craving.  
Thomas Montgomery Archer.



The editor repeated the name.

"Dear me!" he remarked. The item about Tom fell to the floor. Reaching for the MS. on his desk, the editor read it carefully.

"It has some merit, after all," he said, as he finished it; "I guess I'll put it in the paper with the notice of the poor chap's death, and have Jones write an editorial on it."

"Alas! for the rarity,  
Of Christmas Christian charity," he added, as he put a few notes in blue pencil upon the story that Tom Archer had smilingly finished that afternoon.

The readers of the Christmas papers found in each a poem or story by the unfortunate author, accompanied by an account of his suicide and an editorial note on the struggles of Genius in the great metropolis.

### III.

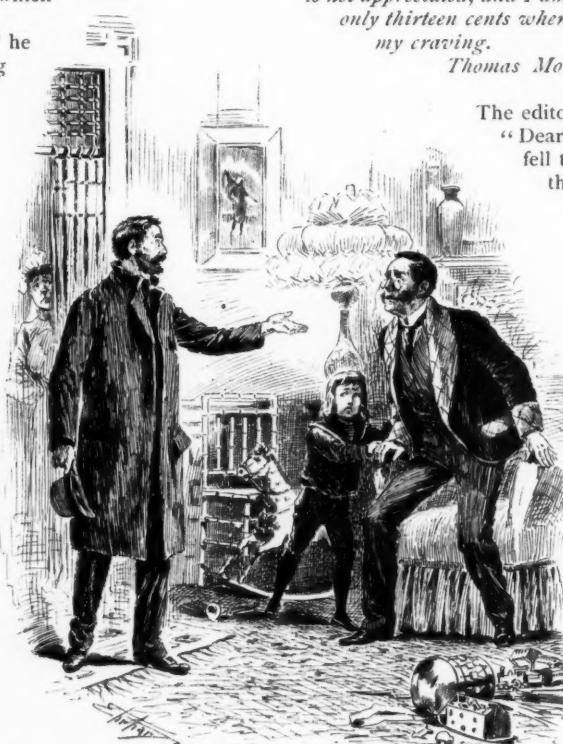
That Christmas afternoon the editor of *The Echo* sat in his home, discussing with his son and heir of five years the personality of Santa Claus.

"Excuse me, sir," said a servant at the door; "but there's a man downstairs who wants see you."

"P'haps it's Santy," suggested the embryo editor. The real editor smiled — he would foster the belief of his son while he was able.

"Perhaps it is," he said; "ask the gentleman to step in, please." The servant departed. A step was heard outside the door. The son and heir looked expectant and disappointed; for a poor specimen of humanity, unshaven and cold, entered.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the poor specimen, in better tones than such objects are in the habit of using; "I am sorry to disturb you at





your home, but I should like a little money on account. Life has its demands, you know," he added, airily.

"On account!" gasped the editor; "on account of what?"

The small boy crept closer to his father. "P'haps it's Santy in disguise, an' he wants some money to get me more pweesents," whispered the hopeful, regardless of the morning's gifts that littered the floor.

"I am the author of 'A Brilliant Idea,' published in to-day's *Echo*. Tom Archer is my name, now —"

"What!" cried the editor, leaping to his feet. "Archer jumped off of a dock last night. Do you take me for a fool?"

"Really, I never gave it much thought," responded Archer, haughtily; "but I am prepared to argue the question with you if you repeat your previous assertion. I can assure you that Archer is no idiot, however; and to prove my statement, he offers to write you up the exclusive account of the results of 'A Brilliant Idea.'

"'A Voice from the Dead,' how would that do for a head-line? The

papers to-day are full of my praise — just think of the 'beat' you will have on them. Thomas Montgomery Archer stands before you with a wonderful proposition. After writing the article I have indicated, he would be pleased to be attached to the staff of *The Echo*. At the present moment, though," added the embodiment of Genius, "he seeks the staff of life."

The editor thought a moment. "You would be valuable in emergencies," he said, laughing; "I'll take your offer. Come with me and tell me your trials while you eat."

"But to whom did you address your note?" asked the editor, as Archer folded his napkin, satisfied and contented. "You say that you have no friends."

"To Jove," said Tom, accepting with a smile the cigar offered him. "I usually invoke the old gentleman, but this is the first time he ever responded. Possibly he was touched by my addressing him as 'Dear J.'"

*Flavel Scott Mines.*



#### TOOK AFTER BOTH.

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.—That Rathbone takes after both his father and mother.

FRIEND.—How so?

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER.—One eats a long time and the other a good deal.

#### SO CONSIDERATE.

FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—Pa, there's a couple of bunco men in the front parlor.

FARMER.—Well, here's the bank book. Tell 'm to help 'emselves. I'm busy to-day.

#### "TIS PASSING STRANGE."

A chemical change to some seems strange,  
But 't is not strange to me,  
For turns my thought to changes wrought  
More wonderful to see.  
How does it chance that ignorance  
In homely girls may be  
Converted, in the prettier ones  
To sweet simplicity?

*Eva Bella Botsford.*



#### TOO VALUABLE TO LOSE.

SHOWTER.—Why do you swallow that fiery whiskey?  
It does n't quench your thirst, does it?

HENNESSY.—Quench it? Well, I should rather hope not!

#### NO TIME TO LOSE.

BUNKER.—What's your hurry, old man?

HILL (*a suburban resident*).—Not a moment to spare. If I should miss this train, I would n't get out home in time enough to take the train coming back.

#### A SUMMER GIRL.

"Where's the daughter?" asked a Bedouin chieftain of his wife.  
"Oh, she's sitting out on the steppes with her young man!"

#### SKYED.

"Were those pictures very high?"  
"Yes. That's why I got them so cheap."

#### SOLICITUDE.

WIFE (*at 3 a. m.*).—John, have you got a jag on?

HUSBAND.—No, my dear; I'm perfectly sober.

WIFE (*anxiously*).—Why, John, you're not sick I hope!



*HIS BOTTOM DOLOR.*

#### NEXT.

MRS. YULE.—What do you think of giving your husband for a Christmas present?

MRS. LOGG.—A box of cigars.

MRS. YULE.—He won't smoke them.

MRS. LOGG.—Of course not; but we always give the coachman something, you know.

#### DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFERENCES.

KATY DIDD.—It is n't proper for girls to climb trees, is it Mama?

MRS. DIDD.—Not this season, dear; but you can ride your safety bicycle.

#### A BLESSED PRIVILEGE.

OFFICER O'TOOLE.—Let me sell you a ticket to the grand ball of the Sons of St. Patrick.

WILLIAM MANN.—Any special inducement?

OFFICER O'TOOLE.—Yes; you need n't attend if you don't want to.

#### ANTHRACITE.

When outside the door the keen wind doth blow,  
And the mercury 'way downward runs,  
How pleasant to sit 'fore the coals' ruddy glow  
At ten dollars a couple of tons!

#### HIS STANDARD.

PHILANTHROPIST.—Take whichever you like — the drum or the whistle.

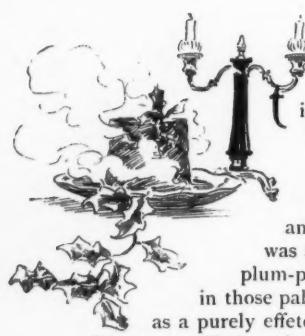
SMALL BOY.—Which makes the most noise?

A MAN WILL spend enough money warming himself by grog-shop fires to buy out a coal-and-wood business.

**"HONI SOIT ——"**

**CLERK.** — The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor.

**GUEST.** — That will be satisfactory. Will you kindly put my valuables in the safe?

**IMPORTED  
PLUM-PUDDINGS.**

is now considered quite the thing to import one's Christmas plum-pudding from England.

There was a time that a plum-pudding, constructed in Connecticut or New Jersey, produced the desired effect upon the first and foremost of all our holidays. But that was at a remote period of our history; and the plum-pudding that gladdened the American heart in those palmy days is now regarded in certain circles as a purely effete institution.

There are still Americans to be found who are content with the domestic plum-pudding that is sent by a kind, smiling fate; and, if they can not find the same article that was furnished by our grandmothers, they make a sublime, patriotic effort to find the joy an epicure knows in the plum-pudding that comes canned and ready for use.

It does n't seem at all likely that the heart of a poetic temperament can beat responsive to the coy blandishments of a canned plum-pudding. Still, if he is patriotic, and knows the canned pudding is American, even unto its tin envelope, he feels a keen patriotic joy in depositing it where he fancies it will render the highest service.

But we are not all so fond of our country as to eat its canned or home-made pudding on principle alone. There are among us those that dock the caudal appendage of the frisky equine, because it is an English fashion. On a like principle they become patrons of hunting and cricket; and it is quite likely that before long they will send to England to have their American flags made for the purpose of celebrating the Fourth of July properly. A certain portion of America seems to have a weakness for everything English, except the English joke. This enthusiastic love of and for everything English, from the church to the foggy climate, seems to have resulted in the establishment of both in this country.

Let us return to our plum-pudding. The Anglo-maniac is never more happy than when he sits down to his English plum-pudding on Christmas day, with a few select imported guests. He burns brandy over the pudding that was imported with it. In it he deftly sticks a sprig of holly. But, ah, how crestfallen would this poor Anglo-maniac be if he but knew the awful truth concerning his imported plum-pudding!

His soul would be filled with an overpowering mortification that would lay him prostrate with a crushed spirit for many days, if he but knew that the American demand for English plum-puddings is so great that the English purveyor must send to America for the ingredients. And that the brandy burned over it, and the raisins and citron and currants and lemon skin contained in it were made and raised in California. The pudding is American through and through, and that is really why it is so good.

And the English purveyor is to be heartily congratulated upon his own good fortune in having customers in a certain class of Americans whom he calls Americans, because, in spite of their English ways, he would be as much ashamed to acknowledge them Englishmen, as we are to acknowledge them Americans.

R. K. M.

**OUR SUBURBAN HOME.**

"**FIVE MINUTES**" from the station is our out-of-town abode,  
 "Five minutes" from the horse-cars and from the cable road;  
 "Five minutes" from a grocery (it takes three hours to send),  
 "Five minutes" from a church by far too distant to attend;  
 "Five minutes" from the school-house two miles and more away;  
 "Five minutes" from a post-office you reach in half a day —  
 Dulled is my moral nature and confused my senses be  
 With this distracting labyrinth of hard mendacity —  
 "Five minutes" from the wood-pile, the barn and the front fence,  
 "Five minutes" from the clothes-line and pump — Let me go hence!  
 Let me not ever perjure and pedestrianize here;  
 Let me find rest and truth where *something* shall be somewhat near.

Emma A. Opper.

**HOW HE GAUGED IT.**

"Did you have a good Christmas dinner, Jimmy?"  
 "You bet, I did! I had to take four kinds of medicine after it."

**I**F YOU would be a social queen —  
 Have all before you grovel;  
 Get lots of ink and paper and  
 Construct a social novel.

**THE LIGHTNING BROADWAY-LINE.**

**ACQUAINTANCE.** — How is it I see you standing here every morning with a basket of fruit and a bundle of cigars?

**EXPERIENCED CITIZEN.** — They are for the car-drivers, my boy; it's the only way I can get them to stop for me.

## TRAINED DRESSES.

*From the Club Window.*



"Now, WHY will they do it?  
Say, what is there to it  
That's 'fetching' or 'chic' in such  
dressing?  
They drag all the dirt up,  
Or they grab, and they flirt up  
Their skirts in a way that's  
distressing.  
  
They're called dainty creatures;  
And these are the features  
That make us fall down and adore 'em  
But to turn garbage lifter,  
Or soot-and-sand-sifter,  
Makes one rather walk on before 'em.  
  
"Say, Jack; when I marry,  
Now, by the Lord Harry!  
If my wife cuts that sort of caper,  
As true as I take her,  
You'll see I'll just make her  
Leave her gown outside on the scraper."

*Alice E. Ives.*



## A CONSIDERATE MONARCH.

SATAN.—Who's that out there?  
DOORMAN.—A fellow calling himself Ochiltree.  
SATAN.—Oh, ho! Well, detain him a moment till I can break  
the news gently to Ananias.

### ENVOI.

'T was the night after Christmas,  
And all through the house  
Not a creature was sleeping—  
Not even a mouse.  
Mince-pie, cheese and coffee  
Had got in a lick,  
And at four in the morning  
Were raising Old Nick.

### GETTING READY.

I'm saving up for Christmas, now,  
To gratify my wife, for she  
Is very anxious to present  
Some truly handsome gift to me.

### AN INCIDENT OF 1891.

N. Y. CABMAN (*to ENGLISH TOURIST just landed from ocean steamer*).—Where will I take you to, sir?

ENGLISH TOURIST.—Hoffman House; but—ah—you might drive me past the—ah—World's Fair buildings on the way.



### ONE A. M.

OFFICER REAGAN.—Move on there!

### A EUPHEMISM.

"Jack Blower told me the other day that he rides a great deal."  
"Well, for once he told the truth. You see he lives in a  
Harlem flat and works in a Produce Exchange office."

LIKE OTHER good Americans, the hog may now go  
to Paris when he dies.

### THE HOLIDAY NUMBERS.

The Christmas papers now appear,  
The most of them comprising  
A page or two of Christmas cheer  
And stacks of advertising.



SHANKSY (*from de Fourt'*).—Nyah?  
REAGAN.—I beg yure pardon; but thim's only  
me orders.

MR. BLAINE, of a boarding-house napkin  
Has reminded one ever since Spring;  
For although quite a little disfigured,  
You can see he is still in the ring.

B. H. (*severely*).—Russell, I hear that you've been tellin' folks you own the earth. Is that so?

RUSSELL.—No, Father; it ain't. What I told them was, that you owned the earth, an' that I was your son.

B. H. (*relenting*).—Well, that's different, Russ. That's different.

ONE OF the new guide-books, "Chicago and its Environs," begins on the other side of the Atlantic. That's Chicago all over. It won't be long before they're running their alleged environs out into stellar space.

IF POULTNEY BIGELOW went to school with Christopher Columbus, now is the time for him to come forth and make himself heard and felt.

BUSINESS ADJUSTED with the aid of dynamite will hardly decrease the number of the unemployed poor.

EUROPE'S CHRISTMAS — "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MEN."



PUCK.



## BACK AT GRAN'PA'S.

**D**'N ! CHRISTMAS IS no more what it used to be. I don't say that because I have had to give up counting those hateful white lies in front of my ears, which dimpled Canda, my three-year-old dusky neighbor, plucks out angrily, lisping in tiny Tigua: "They's bad, Old Crooked Stick." Nor because between me and the last pendant stocking is all that gulf of tired years and broken idols.

No—but Christmas is *n't* the old Christmas.

When I get into an American town and ask the boys and girls about Santa Claus, they laugh in my face. Santa Claus, indeed! The youngest of them is *n't* fool enough to believe in the happy myth now. And as for hanging up of stockings, that is very well for infants; but "*we would n't do it.*" But it *was* not so.

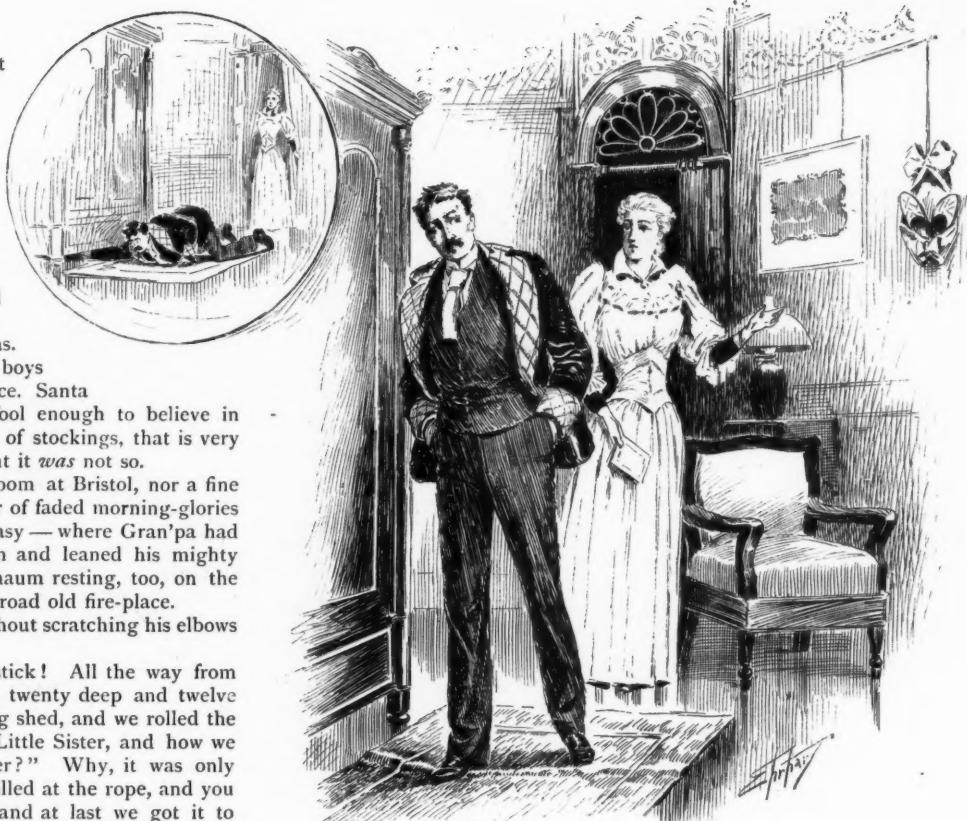
It was not a large room, the old sitting-room at Bristol, nor a fine one. Little and low it was, with queer old paper of faded morning-glories that were discolored—I fear even a little greasy—where Gran'pa had tilted back in his squat arm-chair for a generation and leaned his mighty head against the wall; his short, scarred meerschaum resting, too, on the shelf which seemed so infinitely high above the broad old fire-place.

Ah, there's where Santa can come down without scratching his elbows—none of your stingy registers or pipes *there!*

Whew! What a tug we had with that fore-stick! All the way from the woodshed, where the white birch is walled twenty deep and twelve feet high. But the snow had drifted into the long shed, and we rolled the log on my red sled—do you remember "Kit," Little Sister, and how we used to coast over the crust on it, "belly-bumper?" Why, it was only yester—I mean, thirty years ago. And how I pulled at the rope, and you pushed behind, and the wind bit our red cheeks, and at last we got it to the big woodbox in the kitchen, and Gran'pa rolled it in and lifted it upon the fire-dogs? M'm! I'm tired yet! But is *n't* it a whaler?—and how it snaps and shouts up the big chimney!

I'm sure Santa Claus can't get down before morning—that fore-stick will burn nearly all night. I wonder what he'll bring us? I want a double-runner, for "Kit" 's too little for us both now, and a pair of copper-toed boots, so I can steer good, and a knife with two blades and a stocking full of gumdrops and peanuts and those three-cornered nuts. And you want a doll—girls don't want much but dolls—and *your* stocking full. But you can ride on my double-runner, and I'll make you a sword with my knife. Well, I should *think* you'd want a sword; but I can whittle you a boat just as well. I got Gran'pa to write to Santa Claus the other day for those things, and I know they'll come.

Say, you're letting the pop-corn burn, and your russet's roasted. Pull it out of the ashes. I'm going—Gran'ma, won't you lend us *your*



## A GOOD PLACE FOR THEM.

MR. WEARYMAN (*searching despairingly for his slippers under the wardrobe.*)—Where on earth can those slippers have got to *NOW?*

MRS. WEARYMAN (*entering*).—I declare, Parkerhouse, you're enough to tire a saint! There (*pointing to wall pocket near the picture moulding*) are your slippers. I put them where I thought you could not help seeing them.

MR. WEARYMAN.—Thank you, dear. (*Moves away.*)

MRS. WEARYMAN.—Are *n't* you going to put them on?

MR. WEARYMAN.—No, dear. Let us leave them there; then I'll know just where to look for them to-morrow.

stockings to hang up? Ours are pretty little, and a cocoanut would *n't* go in—and I *hope* He'll bring us a cocoanut.

Oh, *please* let us sit up a little longer! Well, anyhow, let us hang up our stockings first! I want to hang mine right here by the fire-place, so He'll be sure to see it when He comes down the chimney. And you hang up yours, too. Won't He fill stockings for old people? Oh, yes; He will for the dearest Gran'pa and Gran'ma in the world! Good night—say, did *n't* you hear something on the roof? I did.

"Merry Christmas, Gran'pa! Merry Christmas, Gran'ma! There! We *did* say it first! Hooray! There's the double-runner! And ain't the stockings *fat*? There's the cocoanut! And here's the knife in the toe—*three* blades! No'm, we are *n't* cold in our nighties. We'll go right back to bed—but we'd like to take the stockings, too. Well, just a handful, then—just a teeny one. We just had to see what Santa Claus brought us. He's *bully*!"

H'm! I thought I was too tired to dream nowadays. Hello, Canda! Passé, knowest thou that there is a *santo* that brings good things in the *Noche Buena*? Well, there is. I used to know him myself.

Chas. F. Lummis.

## UNCLE JAKE TALKS BACK.

"Men that stays home don't add much to their knowledge. It's only de traveler dat l'arns as how crabs ketch cold in damp countries."

"De good Lawd, he makes recompense. Po' pussy cat, she got no hand, but she fine it jest as easy to wash her face wid her foots, all de same."

"Black hen need *n't* git jealous. She kin lay white egg when she want to."

"My bes' dog's got fo' laigs; but I kin go as many ways at once as he kin."

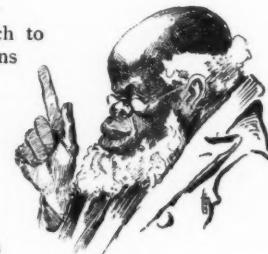
"An' don't you forget it! A hen will hatch duck aigs, but a whole awmy can't coax dat hen to take de young ducks in swimmin'."



## ODD MATES.

MEYERSTEIN.—Now vat's the use of you vastin' your vind? You gan't fit me, unt dot seddles it!

PEDDLER.—Vell, I ton't know aboud dot. I hate to preak into a goot hair, but for a tollar unt a half I leaf you have von slipper unt der sachel.



#### A TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND DRINKS.

He gave  $\frac{1}{2}$  s of bi-chloride  
For every  $\frac{1}{2}$  they drank;  
But dwts. in the drunkards' hide  
Were lbs. in Keeley's bank.

W. W.

#### A LIBERAL EDUCATOR.

MR. JOLLIBOY.—Well, I must say that college does a boy a great deal of good.

MR. SAKESALIVE.—Is that so?

MR. JOLLIBOY.—Yes. My son came home for Thanksgiving, and between betting on football and playing poker the young rascal won enough from me to keep him in pocket money for a year.

#### A LONG REIGN.

JOHNNY BOY.—Mama, is the Queen of England nineteen hundred years old?

MRS. BOY.—Of course not, Johnny.

JOHNNY BOY.—But I saw in the paper something about "Victoria, B. C."

#### A SLIGHT DISCREPANCY.



This is the picture Mrs. Topflat saw in the advertisement of the Metoric Stove Polish.



This is a picture of Mrs. Topflat in her first attempt to apply the polish according to directions.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

Only to-day and to-morrow, and Christmas is here.

Only two more days to buy Christmas presents. What shall it be? Something high-priced and useless, or something that will bring joy and happiness for a whole year. A Subscription to *Puck* costs Five Dollars. As late as 5 P. M. to-morrow you may call for a presentation card, which alone is a thing of beauty and a joy for many months.

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#### PUCK AND THE PEN.

**FAILURE.** A scribe contributing to *PUCK* mourned recently his hapless luck. He twiced his ever-fertile brain To shape his thoughts, but strove in vain. At last he searched his pen with care, No name of Esterbrook was there! The active mind had called a halt, The pen alone was found at fault. Straight to the stationer he hied; "An Esterbrook steel pen!" he cried. \* \* \* \* \* Now Esterbrook's steel pen he swung, His shafts of satire broadcast flung, With sharpened wits his pen he dashed, While fun and humor sparkling flashed. All other pens he passes them — His Esterbrook's a perfect gem.

**REMEDIY**

"An Esterbrook steel pen!" he cried.

**ACTION**

Now Esterbrook's steel pen he swung, His shafts of satire broadcast flung, With sharpened wits his pen he dashed, While fun and humor sparkling flashed.

**RESOLVE**

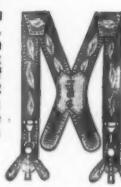
All other pens he passes them — His Esterbrook's a perfect gem.



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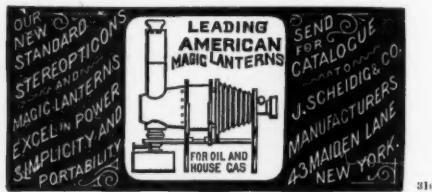
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MARRIAGE is a lottery, and young husbands frequently draw prizes—in baby-carriages.—*Kate Field’s Washington.*

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A DOUBLE CHIN—When two women meet.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

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PROF. KEELER, of the Allegheny Observatory, says that the sun will continue for ten million years to illuminate the earth. But this announcement will have no perceptible effect on the man who is always in a hurry to catch the ferry-boat. —*Yonkers Statesman*.

MRS. GAZZAM (*as she came in from church*).—Sometimes it is very hard work to listen to Dr. Thirdly's sermons.

Gazzam.—That's the reason I don't go to church. I don't believe in working on Sunday. —*Harper's Bazar*.

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"I don't think it is," replied Noopop. "I don't hear a sound." —*Harper's Bazar*.

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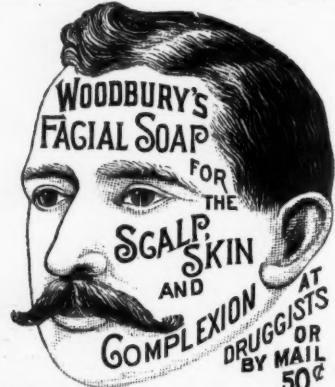
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KINGLEY.—Say, don't you want to invest a little cash in a scheme I am just maturing?

BINGO.—I would like to go in with you first-rate, old man; but the fact is I have just begun to save all my spare cash for the Christmas present my wife is going to give me.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

#### ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

DOCTOR.—Your throat affection is one of the rarest in the world, and is of the deepest interest to the medical profession.

PATIENT.—Then remember, Doctor, when you make out your bill that I have n't charged anything for letting you look down my throat.—The Epoch.

"THAT CHICKEN," remarked the boarding-house keeper, as she beamed on the table, "is of the Plymouth Rock variety."

"No wonder it is so hard to carve, then," replied the star boarder, who was endeavoring to dismember it.—The Waterbury.

Send stamp for picture, "THE PRETTY TYPEWRITER," to Short-hand School, 816 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper. 347

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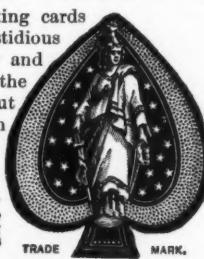


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While the torn edges of the fleecy clouds,  
Tipped with the burnished gilding of the setting sun,  
Crimsoned the castellated summits of the purple hills,  
Looking like mighty hosts of armed Titans  
With waving banners moving on to battle.  
The Hudson sparkling in the brilliant light,  
While on its bosom crafts with sails so white  
Float up and down,  
And vapory pinions spread their fleet wings  
As with speedy course  
They cleave the waves, or with their whistles shrill  
Warn all the smaller craft to "back" or "fill."  
Most beautiful the scene!  
The bird, unconscious of the joy it brings  
To human ear as it so sweetly sings,

The breeze, that wafts o'er field and wood and moor  
The scent of new-mown hay so sweet and pure,  
The lowing kine, browsing in shady nook  
Or standing mid-leg in the crystal brook,  
Whose grateful shade and peaceful, calm retreat  
Tempt tired travelers to rest their weary feet,  
While seated on an old-time cannon there  
Lying at rest upon the grassy mound,  
Unmindful of the battle's din and sound;  
A bird's nest in its mouth finds shelter fair,  
And little fledglings from their shells appear.  
Then, as I turn into the banquet-hall,  
With the dead heroes' portraits on the wall,  
Of Sherman, Grant, and Sheridan,  
I wonder o'er and o'er again  
If they are conscious that their names will be  
The pride and boast of all posterity.

—Stephen Massett, in *Frank Leslie's Weekly*.

WE don't remember that any Shaksperian scholar has called attention to the fact that Falstaff's favorite instrument was the sack butt.—*Boston Post*.

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That your uncle from Grassville is now on his way  
To pay you a visit, and make a long stay.

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When the Barber shaves you gently, without opening his lips,

All too well the hubby gussets, as around his  
neck she clings;

X.

It means the time 's approaching for their  
tips.

If a lady approaches you, smiling and "P.Y.",  
With a book in one hand and a pencil in t' other;  
Just pull out your money — there's no other way;—  
It means a subscription for something or other.

If your son comes rushing with your slippers, madly,  
When from business you get home each afternoon;  
It means he wants a bicycle; it means he wants it badly;  
And it means that he will "strike" you for it, soon.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

Comes the little wife, softy, now, behind her  
husby's chair;  
Calls him deary, ducky, darling, gently rumples  
up his hair.

All too well the hubby gussets, as around his  
neck she clings;  
That she's after three new dresses and a couple  
of diamond ring.